

An Epytaphe vppon the Death of the

**Right Reuerend and learned Father in God. I. Iuell, Doctor of
Diuinitie and Bishop of Sarisburie. Whom God called**

to his marcie the .22. of September. 1571.



**he Iuell of our ioye is gone, the happie heauens haue wonne,
The greatest gift that euer was, with vs beneth the sonne:
Which makes such weeping eyes, in Sallesbury they laye,
As all the running streames therof, can neuer walke a waye.**

(Alas) is Iuell dead, the folder of the flocke,

If Death haue caught the Diall vp, then who shall keepe the Clocke:

O God, what greeke is this, thye charie Church should want,

A Bishoppe of so good a grace, wher good men be so skant:

We feare the plague (they laye) but such a plague as this,

Sithens I was borne I neuer kne we, nor neuer shall I wis:

Yet are there some behinde, I trust will learne to knowe,

How Iuell to his dieng daye, his Talents did bestowe.

So busie at his booke, to bring the truth to light,

As they that lyke the redie way, maye looke and finde it right,

his house and household was so kept for his degree,

As Paull in his Epistles wrightes a Bishoppes house should bee:

his Diocesse I beleue, hee kept in so good a we,

As Vertue is content to sweare, they liued within her lawe.

his handes and harte were free, the needie could not lacke,

Such peace and con corde planted hee, as nothing went to wracke:

And charie went to Church himselfe by breake of daye,

That his example might procure, the rest to go that waye:

And gaue vnto his men, their duties when hee died,

With large and Lordlie recompence, this can not bee denied.

(Alas) with piteous mone, all Christians now maye weepe,

That wee haue such a Shepard gone: God helpe the selie sheepe:

Meethinkes I see in heauen, triumphant truth appeare,

And saythfulnes, which speake aloud. let Iuell now come neare.

Thappostelles all do please, meethinckes to see his face:

And all the Angells go about to bring him to his place:

Euen Christ himselfe mee thinkes, I see begins to smile,

And saith: beholde my chosen friend, I lookte for all this while.

And Abraham rendes his clothes, and bowells out his brest,

And sayth to Iuell iumpe in here, and take thye quiet rest.

Finis

Quod.

W.

Elderton.

**Imprynted at London, in Fleetestrete beneath the Conduit at the
signe of S. John Euangelist by Thomas Colwell.**